

So hunteth him the tempest to and fro.
So derk hit was, he coude nowher go;
And with a wave brosten was his stene.
His ship was rent so lowe, in swich manere,
That carpenter ne coude hit nat amende.
The see, by nighte, as any torche brende
for wood, and posseth him now up now down,
Til Neptune hath of him compassioun,
And Thetis, Chorus, Triton, and they alle,
And maden him upon a lond to falle,
Wherof that Phillis lady was and quene,
Ligurgus doghter, fairer on to sene
Than is the flour again the brighte sonne.
Annethe is Demophon to londe ywonne,
Wayk and eek wery, and his folk forpynd
Of werinesse, and also enfamyned;
And to the deeth he almost was ydriven.
His wyse folk to conseil han him yiven
To seken help and socour of the quene,
And token what his grace mighte been,
And maken in that lond som chevisaunce,
To kepen him fro wo and fro mischaunce.
for seek was he, and almost at the deeth;
Annethe mighte he speke or drawe his breeth,
And lyth in Rodopeya him for to reste.
Whan he may walke, him thoughte hit was the beste
Unto the court to seken for socour.
Men knewe him wel, and diden him honour;
for at Athenes duk and lord was he,
As Theseus his fader hadde ybe,
That in his tyme was of greet renoun,
No man so greet in al his regioun;
And lyk his fader of face and of stature,
And fals of love; hit com him of nature;
As doth the fox Renard, the foxes sone,
Of kinde he coude his olde faders wone
Withoute lore, as can a drake swimme,
Whan hit is caught and caried to the brimme.
This honourable Phillis doth him chere,
Her lyketh wel his port and his manere.
But for I am agroted heer biforn
To wryte of hem that been in love forsworn,
And eek to haste me in my legende,
Which to performe God me grace sende,
Therfor I passe shortly in this wyse;
Ye han wel herd of Theseus devyse
In the betraising of fair Adriane,
That of her pite kepte him from his bane.
At shorte wordes, right so Demophon
The same wey, the same path hath gon
That dide his false fader Theseus.
for unto Phillis hath he sworn thus,
To wedden her, and her his trouthe plighte,
And piked of her al the good he mighte,
Whan he was hool and sound and hadde his reste;
And doth with Phillis what so that him leste.
And wel coude I, yif that me leste so,
Tellen al his doing to and fro.

We seide, unto his contree moste he saile,
For ther he wolde her wedding appaile
As fil to her honour and his also.

And openly he took his leve tho,
And hath her sworn, he wolde nat sojorne,
But in a month he wolde again retorne.
And in that lond let make his ordinaunce
As verray lord, and took the obeisaunce
Wel and boomy, and let his shippes dighte,
And boom he goth the nexte wey he mighte;
for unto Phillis yit ne com he noght.
And that hath she so harde and sore aboght,
Atlas! that, as the stories us recorde,
She was her owne deeth right with a corde,
Whan that she saw that Demophon her trayed.
AT to him first she wroot and faste him
prayed

He wolde come, and her deliver of peyne
As I rehearse shal a word or tweyne.
Me list nat vouchesauf on him to swinke,
Ne spende on him a penne ful of inke,
for fals in love was he, right as his syre;
The devil sette hir soules bothe afyre!
But of the lettre of Phillis wol I wryte
A word or tweyne, althogh hit be but lyte.

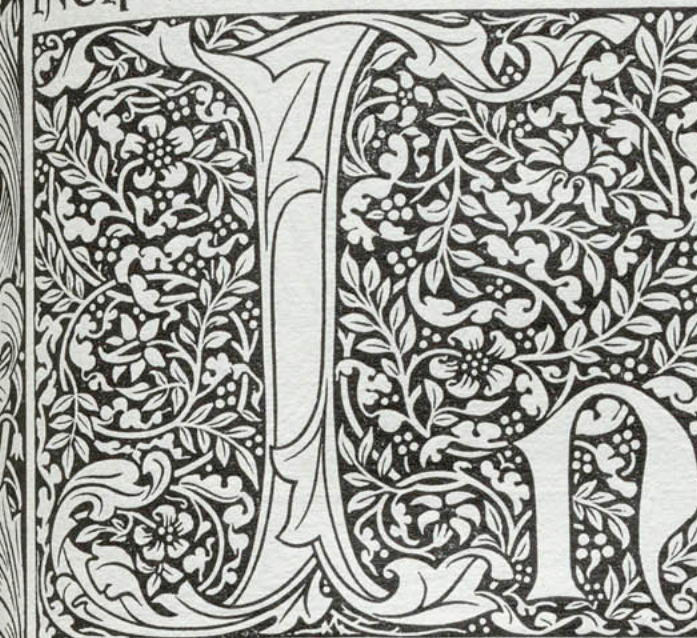
HYN hostesse, quod she, O Demophon,
Thy Phillis, which that is so wo begon,
Of Rodopeye, upon yow moot compleyne.
Over the terme set betwix us tweyne,
That ye ne holden forward, as ye seyde;
Your anker, which ye in our haven leyde,
Highte us, that ye wolde comen, out of doute,
Or that the mone ones wente aboute,
But tymes foure the mone hath hid her face
Sin thilke day ye wente fro this place,
And foure tymes light the world again,
But for al that, yif I shal soothly sain,
Yit hath the stream of Sitho nat ybrought
from Athenes the ship; yit comth hit noght.
And, yif that ye the terme rekne wolde,
As I or other trewe lovers sholde,
I pleyne not, God wot, befor my day.

At al her lettre wryten I ne may
By ordre, for hit were to me a charge;
Her lettre was right long and therto large;
But here and there in ryme I have hit laid,
Ther as me thoughte that she wel hath said.

We seide: Thy sailles comen nat again,
Ne to thy word ther nis no fey certein;
But I wot why ye come nat, quod she;
for I was of my love to you so free.
And of the goddes that ye han forswore,
Yif that hir vengeance falle on yow therfore,
Ye be nat suffisaunt to bere the peyne.
To moche trusted I, wel may I pleyne,
Upon your linage and your faire tonge,
And on your teres falsly out ywonge.
How coude ye wepe so by craft? quod she;
May ther swiche teres feyned be?
Now certes, yif ye wolde have in memorie,
Hit oghte be to yow but litel glorie
To have a sely mayde thus betrayed!
To God, quod she, preye I, and ofte have prayed,
That hit be now the grettest prys of alle,
And moste honour that ever yow shal befall!
And whan thyn olde auncestres peynted be,

In which men may hir worthinesse see,
Than, preye I God, thou peynted be also,
That folk may reden, forby as they go,
Lo! this is he, that with her flaterye
Betrayed hath and doon her vilanye
That was his trewe love in thoghte and dede!
But sothly, of oo point yit may they rede,
That ye ben lyk your fader as in this;
for he begyled Adriane, ywis,
With swiche an art and swiche sotelte
As thou thyselfen hast begyled me.
As in that point, althogh hit be nat fayr,
Thou folwest him, certein, and art his eyr.

INCIPIT LEGENDA YPERMISTRE.



LINO was a son of his body wonne,
Of whiche that oon was called Danao,
That many a sone hath of his body wonne,
As swiche false lovers ofte conne.
Among his sones alle ther was oon
That aldermost he lovede of everichoon.
And whan this child was born, this Danao
Shoop him a name, and called him Lino.
That other brother called was Egiste,
That was of love as fals as ever him liste,
And many a doghter gat he in his lyve;
Of which he gat upon his righte wyve
A doghter dere, and dide her for to calle
Ypermistra, yongest of hem alle;
The whiche child, of her nativitee,
To alle gode thewes born was she,
As lyked to the goddes, or she was born,
That of the shefe she sholde be the corn;
The Mirde, that we clepen Destinee,
Hath shapen her that she mot nedes be
Pitouse, saddle, wyse, and trewe as steel;
And to this woman hit accordeth weel.
for, though that Venus yaf her greet beautee,
With Jupiter compouned so was she
That conscience, trouthe, and dreed of shame,
And of her wyfhood for to kepe her name,
This, thoughte her, was felicitie as here.

But sin thus sinfully ye me begyle,
By body mote ye seen, within a whyle,
Right in the haven of Athenes fletinge,
Withouten sepulture and buryinge;
Thogh ye ben harder than is any stoon.
And, whan this lettre was forth sent anoon
And knew how brotel and how fals he was,
She for dispeyr fordide herself, alas!
Swich sorwe hath she, for she besette her so.
Be war, ye women, of your sotil fo,
Sin yit this day men may ensample see;
And trusteth, as in love, no man but me.
Explicit Legenda Phillis.

And rede Mars was, that tyme of the yere,
So feble, that his malice is him raft,
Repressed hath Venus his cruel craft;
What with Venus and other oppressioun
Of houses, Mars his venim is adoun,
That Ypermistra dar nat handle a knyf.
In malice, thogh she sholde lese her lyf.
But natheles, as heven gan tho turne,
To badde aspectes hath she of Saturne,
That made her for to deyen in prisoun,
As I shal after make mencion.
O Danao and Egistes also,
Althogh so be that they were brethren
two,
for thilke tyme nas spared no linage,
Hit lyked hem to maken mariage
Betwix Ypermistra and him Lino,
And casten swiche a day hit shal be so;
And ful accorded was hit witterly;
The array is wrought, the tyme is faste by.
And thus Lino hath of his fadres brother
The doghter wedded, and eche of hem hath
other.

The torches brennen & the lampes
bryghte,
The sacrifices been ful redy dighte;
Thencens out of the fyre reketh sote,
The flour, the leef is rent up by the rote
To maken garlands and corounes hie;
ful is the place of soun of minstrelcy,
Of songes amorous of mariage,
As thilke tyme was the pleyn usage.
And this was in the paleys of Egiste,
That in his hous was lord, right as him liste;
And thus the day they dryven to an ende;
The frendes taken leve, and boom they
wende.
The night is come, the bryd shal go to bedde;
Egiste to his chambre faste him spedde,
And privily he let his doghter calle.
Whan that the hous was voided of hem alle,
He loked on his doghter with glad chere,
And to her spak, as ye shul after here.
My righte doghter, tresor of myn herte!
Sin first that day that shapen was my
sherte,